

Poetry.

(Written for THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER.)
THE SONGS OF SAMYEWL.
(Common Meter.)

I want to be an editor
an' with the raskuls stand
free passes on the railroads
an' swag on every hand

KORUS:
ah then ide preach the gospul
an' lay the law down flat
sing him an' pra' long prayers
an' pass around the hat

ide like to be the editor
an' sum old party paper
an' lern the trust an' kombine jigs
an' monopolist kaper

I woodent hav' tu gals up tu
the skie fer insperashun
just print a few choice artikles
for skamps hoo tax the nashun

I woodent even hav' tu go
out dorez tu shalk the trees
the plums wood fawl rite ontow me
with evry passin breeze

et woodent evun tax mi brances
er okkupy much time
ide get my leaders nise an' fresh
strait from the pres kumline

I woodent tel foks anything
bowt what they ott tu no
an' if thay lik ide juk luk wise
an' tel thum tu go slow

then di thum up with murders
an' evry sort uv krime
hors rases dog and prise fites
an' tarrut awl the time

ide skorch them pesky populists
(kownowd the derty pak
ther ott fer blud an' wont gliv up
until we get the sak)

ide mak a kontrakt with the devil
an' hav him on our staff
then giv him pop, for dividends
jewers sawney fongraff

KORUS:
no more ide preach the gospul
er rai e them bi grand mewels
tu kik salvashun intew
thos kussed gold base fewels.

JAS. T. R. GREEN.
Des Moines, Iowa.

MR. RUNKLES' COURTSHIP.

He Won by the Exercise of Good Judgment and a Powerful Arm.

"No, I can't say as I was married to my husband, Mr. Runkles, through just what you folks now-a-days would call love. It came mostly about this way: When I was a girl about 16 Mr. Runkles took a strong hankerin' after me, and he did considerable escortin' with me, goin' to several places; and, bein' seen there with him, it got out that we was keepin' company; and Mr. Runkles was a mighty strong man, and no one could come up to him in fist fightin', and the other fellers were feard of him owin' to his brags if another feller started goin' with me he'd pull him limb from limb. Now, there was a lot of nice, slick fellers that took a hankerin' after me, but they were feard of Mr. Runkles, and you could not get one of them to go near me, much less start keepin' company.

"All this went mighty hard with on me, for I was a girl of no mean appearance; and, when it came to dancin' and smart back talk, not a girl could come near up to me. I can't say as Mr. Runkles was the kind of man that I would take a strong hankerin' after. He was too big and what you might call 'raw boned' in them days. He was not given to talk at all, and I had just to keep quiet when he was keepin' company, if that could be called keepin' company. Things went on in this way, and I didn't see any things tellin' of a change; I knew Mr. Runkles was determined like, and nothin' would happen unless some of the fellers that had a hankerin' after me would stand up fighty, and not be feard of Mr. Runkles.

"Thar was one feller I shall never forget, and he was a nice feller, the nicest one of them all; he was a feller named Dave Harris, and I did like Dave, and Dave did like me; but Dave had not the spirit of fightin' in him, and he would have nothin' to do with me, owin' to Mr. Runkles' intentions in that line. At last I speaks up to him, and says, 'Mr. Harris, why don't you come and see me no more?' and he says back to me, 'Id like to awfully, Miss Briggs, but don't you know I kinder hate to face the wrath of Mr. Runkles.' And then I tells him not to mind Mr. Runkles, but he would not look at the case in that way. 'You know I ain't no good at fist fightin'', he said, 'but you know I think the world and all of you,' I says to him, 'Be a man, Dave Harris, and make a stand for your rights and my own as American citizens to do our free will; but Dave would say to everything I said, 'You know I ain't no good at fist fightin'.'"

"Then I got very proud-like, and had nothin' to say to say to him. I was gittin' well up in the twenties, and things did look serious to me—my looks was fadin', and Mr. Runkles showed no signs of yieldin'. I was so tired of tryin' to hold out, I saw no feller would come near me, owin' to their being feard of Mr. Runkles. I came to terms, and we was marrit, and that is the reason that I am rather sharp on Mr. Runkles at times, as you may have noticed.—Bessie Higgins, in *Kate Field's Washington*.

Fall calves are the best, if carefully cared for and fed. They do not have to fight flies or expend their vitality in any other way than to develop.

A BANKER'S MISADVENTURE.

Herr Zebedee Hanser, the great banker of Cologne, was a very sharp man, and "bad to beat," as the Americans say. He belonged to a family that had multiplied and spread over the earth, founding counting houses in all the capital cities of the world, and sucking up gold from their adopted countries as though their fingers were fashioned like the tentacles of the octopus.

One day Herr Zebedee received the following lamentable letter from his first cousin once removed, Herr Zachary Hanser, banker and cigar merchant, of Bishopgate street, London:

"My Dear Zebedee—Praise to heaven that the quotations of our last loan are looking up, but I am sorry to say that my eldest son, Esau, is giving me a deal of grief. He has absconded from London, carrying with him a large sum in securities belonging to our customers, which it is his intention to negotiate on the Continent. I trusted him with the post of cashier for a week, and this is the never to be sufficiently deplored result. If this affair transpire and Esau be caught he will be prosecuted and our credit will be damaged, not to mention the never to be underrated grief which a father must feel. But, my dear Zebedee, I have reason to believe that our Esau will have made for Cologne, there to hide for a while and negotiate his paper, so I pray you to find out the youth and recover the securities from him, even with threats of imprisonment if he resist. When Esau has restored the paper, then I pray you give to him £4,000 and start him for the United States by the first Bremen packet, telling him that his sorrowing father will never see him again unless he makes his fortune in America and returns like a true Hanser to invest it in the family business. Esau shall have nothing beyond those £4,000, and his brothers, Carl, Otto and Jeremiah, shall inherit the portion destined for him; so that praise be to heaven, I shall be rather a gainer than a loser by his dishonesty. The last consignment of cigars from Hamburg was not up to the samples, and I could only get rid of them by raising the price and selling them under a brand not their own—which is never a convenient thing to do, but better than losing money, I am your truly afflicted and not to be easily consoled.

ZACHARY HANSER.
"Postscript—Our reason for believing that Esau has gone for Cologne is that he is traveling with a maiden who is said to have friends in your city, where she once performed as an actress. Esau asked our leave to marry her, and when we refused, then it was that he absconded. I pray you deal gently with the maiden, lest, any scandal being raised, the business of our bank should suffer at this not favorable moment, when we want to raise public confidence in our last loan. I enclose Esau's photograph.

Z. L.
When Zebedee had read through this epistle of his cousin Zachary he took a pinch of snuff, and a malicious twinkle shot through his eye. Zebedee Hanser was, it will be seen one of those excellent men who always contrive to draw some consolation from the misfortunes of others. He read his cousin Zachary's letter again, and then put on his hat and gloves to go and look for the reprobate Esau through the different hotels of Cologne. The clues he had to work upon were very slender; but fortunately, the photograph would enable him to trace the fugitive, supposing the latter were truly in the town. Zebedee Hanser felt pretty certain to lay hold of Esau; for, in the first place, he did not wish the name of Hanser to be dragged through the mire of a criminal prosecution, and in the next he honestly desired to serve his cousin Zachary, who had been doing well in business of late, and had actually taken the Gerolstein loan out of the hands of the Schwartzchilds. These sort of triumphs bind the hearts of banking cousins in a tight bond.

So Herr Zebedee set out on his tour of the Cologne hotels, and wherever he went he was obsequiously received by landlords and waiters, who gave him every information in their power, being delighted to oblige a financier of his importance. Unfortunately, they could not put him in a way of discovering Esau. That youth's photograph was respectfully scrutinized, and in half a dozen places it was affirmed that a gentleman like him had been there, but on closer inquiry this turned out to be incorrect.

Weary and somewhat impatient, for he did not like to be thwarted, Herr Zebedee was at last fain to take a cab and explore a new series of inns of a lower order. He had been driving about for an hour, and had visited several queer hostleries without improving his luck, when, at last, close to the railway station, he came upon a newly opened hotel, which had a respectable appearance, though it was small.

Here Herr Hanser was not known, but the moment he had exhibited Esau's photograph the landlord's wife exclaimed:—"Ach Gott, ja; this is the portrait of the man who is traveling with his well beloved bride. Mein Herr, this so tenderly attached couple are dining now off veal culet and Rhenish wine. Shall I take in your card?"

"No, I will go into the dining room, and there sit down—perchance eat," said Herr Hanser.

"Pray do so, gracious sir—a dish of sausages stewed with prunes has just come in," answered the landlady. "Hi, Fritz, a customer!"

Fritz was the landlord, a thick fellow, with a mustache, and with a napkin over his arm, who came forward bowing, and ushered Herr Hanser into the dining room. Now, the banker, having had ample leisure to study the photograph, had decided that Esau possessed very few of the Hanser lineaments, and this struck him the more when he beheld Esau in the flesh. Pleased with himself, however, for having run the peccant Esau to earth alone, without police aid, Herr Zebedee was almost good humored as he advanced to the table, hat in hand, and said, with a mocking air:—

"Good day, my nephew Esau!"

"What!" exclaimed the youth thus addressed, and he started to his feet with disturbance depicted on his physiognomy.

"Sit down, nephew, sit down," said Herr Zebedee, forcing the reprobate into his seat with gentle violence. "We are going to have some talk, and (here he lowered his voice) if you try to escape I shall hand you over to the police."

"Kellner," said Herr Zebedee, "bring me a dish of sausages and prunes, with a half bottle of Rudesheim."

He divested himself of his hat, his overcoat and stick, and rubbed his hands with sarcastic gleefulness as he looked at his nephew and whispered: "Esau, thou art a knave; thou shalt restore me the securities thou hast stolen, and this very night thou shalt start for Bremen on thy way to America."

"Mercy!" prayed Esau, who saw that concealment was useless, and so clasped his hands.

"Ye shall have £4,000 to start with, and ye may both go together to the devil," said Herr Zebedee, helping himself to a cutlet pending the arrival of the sausages.

"What only £4,000?" exclaimed Esau, in seeming consternation.

"Only four thousand!" echoed the maiden, who always repeated what Esau said.

"Four thousand pounds is enough to make millions with, as thou wouldst know if thou wert a true Hanser," exclaimed Herr Zebedee, as soon as he could speak, for the wrath and the veal that were choking him. "Ah, out upon thee! I'll give thee a bill at ninety days for the money, and if thou wantest cash I'll discount it for thee at the current rates."

"No, that won't do," said Esau. "I'll take it to be discounted elsewhere, and I'll spread it about that thou art badly off in thy business, since thou canst not avoid sharp practice."

"Ah, well, thou hast some of the Hanser blood in thee, after all," conceded Herr Zebedee, with involuntary admiration; "and I will not hob nob with thee, for thou art a clumsy knave."

That night the 10 o'clock train from Cologne to Bremen carried with it the reprobate Esau and his plump partner. They had £4,000 in notes and gold with them; and in exchange for this trifle, as they were pleased to regard it, delivered up, not without difficulty, all the securities stolen in London. They found a bundle big enough to fill a carpet bag, which Herr Zebedee, with considerable complacency, at once forwarded to London by a safe messenger. Three days later he received this telegram:

"Zachary to Zebedee.—You have been hoaxed. Our Esau is the pride of our bank and our home. The youth who personated him must be a clerk lately discharged from our house. He has duped you all through. The securities are forgeries. It was cleverly done, and we cannot let ourselves be debited with the £4,000 you have disbursed."

The foregoing little story is a true one and Herr Zebedee Hanser has, up to the date of the present writing, felt bad. He has received no intelligence of the sham Esau, and his fellow bankers of Cologne have taken to jibing at him in the delicate fashion of Germans when they joke.—*Boston Home Journal*.

Old Mr. Soakley (to his wife)—"Just think, dear, a camel can work eight whole days without drinking!" Mrs. Soakley (with a withering look)—"That's nothing! I know an animal who will drink for eight days without doing a bit of work." Mr. Soakley sighs resignedly, and turns to the sideboard.—*Truth*.

REAL ART IN BEGGING.

The Beggar's First Step is to Get the Attention of His Intended Victim.

The professional beggar in New York uses various devices to get a hearing, for if he can once gain the attention of his intended victim he has taken the first step toward success.

"Can you direct me to Ninetieth street and Seventh avenue?" asked a poorly dressed woman whom I met in Fourteenth street.

"You had best take the elevated road at the corner and get off at Ninety-third street," I answered.

"How far is it?"

"About four miles," I said.

"That's a long walk, and I haven't a cent. Could you give me a nickel to pay my fare?"

Within three days I again met the woman at the same place with the same story.

"Do you speak German?" asked a young man with a Teutonic countenance in good English.

"I do not."

"I live in Hoboken. Could you lend me 3 cents to pay my ferriage, as I haven't a cent? I will pay it to some one who is as hard up as I am."

Twice since then the same man has started the same conversation with me, but he gets no further than the first question.

A woman was standing at the corner of Twelfth street and Sixth avenue gazing intently at the Jefferson market tower.

"My poor old eyes are not much good," she said in soliloquy and then turning to me asked, "Can you see what time it is by that clock?"

"Half past 9."

"So late! Mister, could you give a poor woman a few cents?"

At 10 o'clock she was still at her post. "Be careful if you go in there," said a genteel-looking man as I approached the entrance to a place of amusement.

"Why?" I asked.

"I have just come out and find I have had my pocket picked, and I have to go to Yonkers to get home. Could you lend me half a dollar? I will return it."

I watched the man until he had collected two half dollars.

"Did you drop these, sir?" asked a boy as he ran up behind me with a pair of cheap eyeglasses in his hand.

"No. They are not mine."

"I am sorry, boss, for I thought you might give me a few cents, as I have had nothing to eat to day."

Two other men were approached in the same manner before I had walked a block.

One evening as I turned from Grand street into the Bowery a man who was approaching dropped a coin at my feet and I had to stop to prevent a collision with him as he stopped to pick it up.

"Nearly lost my nickel," he said, "and I am trying to get another to pay for a night's lodging. Could you help a poor fellow out?"

Very likely he got his lodging.—*N. Y. Herald*.

WOULDN'T USE FALSE KEYS.

The notion that alcohol may do good because, for a moment, it seems to do good, was well answered by a physician's response to a man who was somewhat too much given to the pleasures of the table. This man had said to the doctor:

"What do you think of the influence of alcohol on the digestion, doctor?"

"I think that its influence is bad," said the physician.

"But a little whiskey taken just before a meal is the only key that will open my appetite, doctor."

"I don't believe in opening things with false keys, sir!" answered the other.

This response was particularly applicable, for a falsely stimulated appetite is a sure prelude to indigestion.—*Youth's Companion*.

DAIRY TALK.

Think well before adopting a dairy breed, and once having adopted it stick to it.

If a farm is not well suited to the dairy, keep few cows and more of other stock.

The number of utterly unprofitable cows raised and kept in this country is very large.

While bran is first-rate for the calf, when fed judiciously, it should not be fed too abundantly.

The small farmer had better not try to produce beef. Go into the dairy, or breed sheep or swine.

While it is a deplorable fact that the scrub cow is still largely in demand, she never brings much of a price.

Some people mix oatmeal gruel with skim milk to feed the calf. Boil the oatmeal and strain it through a cheese-cloth.

What is there on the farm that can pay a better investment on the capital than a good cow? A first class cow will pay for herself.

A Cotton Fertilizer.

Purchase only such fertilizers for cotton which contain at least 3 to 4% actual potash.

For Corn, Fertilizers should contain 6% Potash.

Poor results are due entirely to deficiency of Potash.

We will gladly send you our pamphlets on the Use of Potash. They are sent free. It will cost you nothing to read them, and they will save you dollars.

GERMAN KALI WORKS, 93 Nassau Street, New York.

ELECTION FRAUDS.

Correspondence of the Progressive Farmer.

The *North Carolinian*, in a late issue, has amused its readers with an account of a skating match on the "Senatorial ice pond" with the wicked, Wizard of Wayne as the central figure, but to complete the picture, he should have shown on the bank the figures of Ransom, Jarvis, Ashe and Avery and read from their faces the woe and anguish pictured thereon, as they reflected on what might have been if Ransom had repudiated Cleveland as Senator Vance did and stood boldly forth as the champion of the people in defence of the metallic currency of the country. We were told before the election why the so called fusion would not fuse, and that it was only a question of majorities in counties dependent on the amount of work they put in. But to cap the climax we are now told that "one thing is forever settled," and this is made the subject of an article that says as there were no frauds in this election that fact shows there were none in 1892; and never had been any, and that great injustice had been done the Democratic party by this change.

This, no doubt, is intended as a hoax, but for fear the writer may be misled it makes me feel like the writer should have one good draught of the waters of truth.

Would it savor of fraud if I were to tell him that a Senatorial candidate had taken in several precincts the affidavits of four times as many electors as voted for him, as were counted for him? That at one precinct the Senatorial votes were found in the wrong box, put there by one of the judges of election, and this very party moved to throw them out, and it was so ordered. How about a registrar, that with the name Bertie county, Mitchell township, at the top of the page should insert dates in the lines below, and refuse to write the names in full, and when the book was closed, boast that he should refuse to allow sixty electors to vote, for this omission did actually challenge the number of forty eight and prevented their voting. How about drunken men at the polls, crazed with liquor, and creating terror and confusion, until just at night the Populists were advised by a very kind Democratic friend that blood would be spilled before the votes were counted, and they are advised to go to their homes, and a little later when the judges are at their supper a man is seen to enter, and with a screw-driver open the boxes, and after a time close them again, and this proven by the affidavits of half a dozen witnesses who were on the watch.

I need not go further, but there is a ludicrous side to the picture. It is agreed that John Doe is to make a coffin, and as soon as the returns are received Richard Roe is to be formally buried at his home along with his party. And so they waited, being altogether uncertain whether to look upon themselves as man building a monument or burying the dead. Now Richard Roe had spoken boldly declaring that the demonization of silver was the greatest crime of this or any other age; that there was no intention even to pay the interest bearing bonds that were being fastened on the backs of the backs of the people to carry for all time; that with \$289,000,000 of silver in the treasury five years ago and with more than \$303,000,000 in gold, including bullion which they had failed to coin; that this of itself showed they meant to foster the hated English bank system upon us for all time.

That the adjournment of Congress without a repeal of the old obsolete law leaving the President and his secretary to go on issuing bonds committed the Democratic party to this system of gold bearing bonds.

He told them, in the very language of Turgot, that as silver and gold became universal money by the nature and force of things, independently of all convention and law, from which the deduction has been drawn, that to prescribe silver by law is a violation of the nature of things, and much more of the same kind of talk.

Suffice it to say, that by reason of the "landslide," no coffin was made, and the burial of Rich has now been deferred until the twentieth century.

H. P. HARRELL.

"Jones has skipped with \$30,000." "He's a genius!" "And he took your umbrella along, too!" "He's an infernal scoundrel!"

FOR THE LEGISLATURE OF N. C.

Correspondence of the Progressive Farmer.

BOYETT, N. C.

What do these farmers want, anyhow?

This question has been frequently asked by the politicians and the partisan press of this State. Notwithstanding the demands of the farmers have been before the country for years, and while their demands are mostly national, yet there are a great many things that may be considered (in the interest of agriculture) by the legislature that will soon assemble in Raleigh. The majority of the farmers of North Carolina are determined in the future to vote for men that will legislate for their interest regardless of political parties. Knowing, as they do, that there can be no general prosperity in North Carolina while the agricultural interest of the State is suffering. Therefore I think the farmers will be almost unanimous in asking the legislature to give us a government for, of and by the people. Economically administered, or as near to it as the State authorities can give it. We hope you will remember that you cannot benefit that farmers by increasing their burdens. Until agricultural products are higher all government expenses ought to be reduced as much as possible, for the farmers have the most of it to pay, directly or indirectly. There are not many farmers who can spare the time or the means to call upon the coming legislature to make known their grievances, while the lobbyists of other professions will prey upon them continually. Yet we know that THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER will take care of the farmer's interest.

I would like to make a few suggestions, if space will permit, hoping they will meet with approval from a great many farmers of the State.

1. The law that compels guardians of orphan children to renew their bonds once in two years is taking a considerable amount of unnecessary money from the orphans of the State.

2. All mortgaged property ought to be exempt from taxation to the amount of the mortgage, both real and personal, and compel the mortgagee to pay on all solvent credits.

3. The jurisdiction of magistrates ought to be enlarged. I have known trivial cases to come before a justice where the fine would have been \$5 or \$10 and the cost \$3 or \$4, which was according to law, sent up to go through a course of law, as the lawyers say; and the fine would be five cents and the cost \$30 or \$40. Here the school fund has lost a fine and the poor defendant has to pay three or four times as much as he would in the justice's court.

4. The laws of 1889 give to the school boards of the different counties one-third of the public funds for the purpose of equalizing schools and school facilities. The law does not require them to give any bond for the faithful performance of their duty in regard to this fund; it does not even require them to make any report as to how they distribute this fund. Some of the county boards have used these funds to help the strong districts instead of the weak. They have used it to pay the county superintendent \$500 per year. They have used it to pay themselves for twelve days in the year when the law says they shall not draw pay from the school funds for only four days in the year. We hope that the legislature will give us a public school law that will give the children the benefit of every dollar where it rightfully belongs, except a small commission for collecting the same.

5. A great many People's party townships petitioned the legislature of 1892 to give them People's party magistrates. This would have been Democratic local government. The North Carolina Democratic organ says no; it will be late when they get any People's party magistrates. They have to be true blue Democrats, 18 karat fine, before they can be elected to the place of magistrate. Now will the legislature give us a Democratic government by electing every officer from Governor down to township constable, by popular vote? This is the only true Democratic government that ever has, or ever can, exist.

6. Give us an election law that will enable every lawful voter to cast one ballot and have that ballot counted, regardless of party machines, if it is possible to construct such a law.

7. Give us a 6 per cent. interest law or lower if they think it best.

8. Reduce fees and salaries of public officers down in proportion to the prices of agricultural products until times are better.

These are a few things that the farmers want. Will the legislature take heed after seeing the result of the last election? We will see.

Yours for the right.

LEVIN WATSON.